

# A Reasonable Motion

IN

The behalfe of such of the **CLERGIE**,  
As are now questioned in *PARLIA-  
MENT* for their places.

Together with the Conference betwixt the  
two great Associates, *WILLIAM* Arch-  
bishop of *CANTERBURY*, and  
*THOMAS* late Earle of  
*STRAFFORD*.

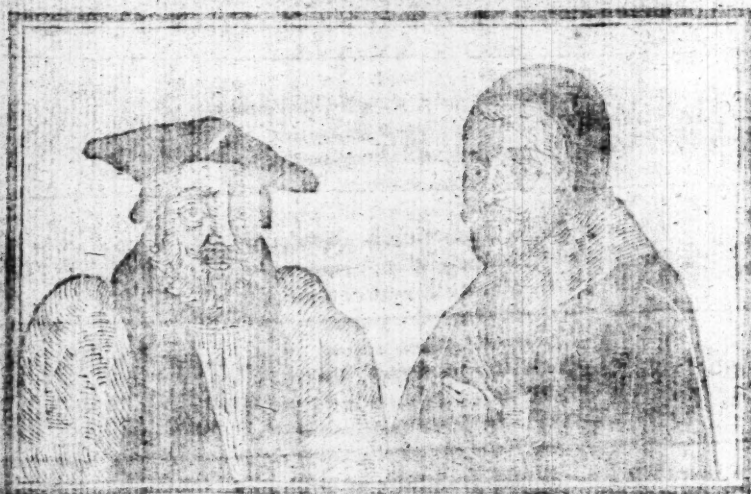


Printed in the unfortunate Yeare to *Priests*, 1641.

# A Reasonable Motion

The Rights of the Clergy  
as are now questioned in PARLIAM.  
GIVEN for their places.

Together with the Consideration between  
two great Associates, W. A. & M. A. Arch-  
bishop of CANTUARY & BISHOP  
of LONDON in the Year of  
1702.



Printed in the university of Oxford by J. Stiles, 1702.

**V** Onobase (Great Lords) with patience for to beare  
 Our just request, which we present you here.  
 'T is said abroad that you the Church would free  
 Of sundry faults, which in the same there be.  
 But that it's feared, and yet perhaps conceive  
 A change of things, we Priests will not receive.  
 But will stand out for things we former had:  
 And doe them still, though you shall thinke them bad.  
 But we doe hope, by this to make it cleare,  
 That no such thing of us you need to feare.  
 For we (like Scots) will not such things put by  
 As are impos'd by Sovereigne Authority.  
 Nor are we like the Puritanish sects,  
 Who'll doe no more then what the World direct.  
 We never yet have shew'd our selves so ill,  
 But what the State enjoy'd we did still.  
 And that your Honour may be sure of this,  
 We can produce the ages past for us.  
 You know King Edward did the Masse put downe,  
 And set the Service Booke up in the roome.  
 We then the Clergie of the Land throughout,  
 Forsooke the old and took the newer up.  
 When he was dead, and Mary had the Crowne,  
 Then up goes Masse, and Service comes downe.  
 Let us Sir Priests amongst quiet spirits  
 Obey the Prince, and turne it into our spirits.  
 Some few yeares after Mary being dead,  
 The Crowne is set upon her Sisters head.  
 Now she againe puts downe the Masse,  
 And haile the Service as before it was.  
 To this our Father Priests did them submit,  
 Though most perhaps did minde it in their wit.  
 Yet what the State did thinke good to be by,  
 They question not, but doe, and shew it by.  
 What they have done, we cannot but beleeve  
 Conforms our selves, to things confirm'd by you.

If you put downe our Bishops from their Chaires:  
Their Livinge, and Courts, and other geyre.  
What next by you shall be enacted then,  
Shall be observ'd by us the Clergie men:  
But if you please to have them yet stand still,  
We are content and yet to them we will.  
For government and worship, what care we,  
Or Rites, and Orders what in Church there be,  
Our care is onely, for to keep from want:  
For conscience here, we leave to Puritants.  
And thus we judge to be no wise mans case,  
To deeme his Conscience better then his Place.  
The Canons late which were on us impos'd,  
By you are brought not fit for to be us'd.  
Yet we ( Sir Priests ) did stand so much in awe,  
As that we meant to yield unto their Law:  
And ere this we will leave our gainfull trade,  
We'll stoop to all what ere by man is made.  
Therefore brave Lords, as you in Court now sit,  
So let Religion be, as you think fit,  
We take no thought this way about Gods will,  
But how to keep our Bishops still.  
And hope we doe, although the better part,  
To ease us out can find it in their heart.  
Yet there are some, will speake for poore Sir John:  
For lazy Doga, old Priests, and idle Drones,  
For pluralitie, nonresidents, and such like,  
The Clergy now consisting most of them.  
And cause there is, the matter should be so:  
For if turn'd out ( calm ) what shall we doe,  
It's now so long, since we forsake the trade  
Of ebling, weaning, suckling, and the like,  
That for to worke our bodies are unfit,  
None can we bring our hearts all to it.  
If we therefore must let our Priesthood fall,  
This then we beg most humbly of you all:  
That still we may enjoy our holy orders,  
And idly live, without all worke or care.

And if your honour will but grant us this,  
We are content, if you will us dismiss.  
For we came to the place for Conscience sake,  
As it be fed, and let us none to take.  
But yet we thinke much better it will be,  
That in the Priest-hood left alone he be,  
For if the Puritans, the onely men,  
Who wisbus out, so that they may come in,  
Doe get but once, into our place and roome,  
They will not doe as we (poore sinners) have done.  
They are (for sooth) so scrupulous in their wayes,  
That if it be against Gods holy Lawes,  
they will not doe it, no although it be  
A thing required of his Majesty:  
But as for us our carriage is not so,  
If State command we neuer say it no.  
And this we dare affirme there is no other  
A more Time-serving Clergy then is here.  
When our sweet Bishops had by Act obtain'd,  
To have Gods holy day with sports profan'd,  
Although the purer sort against it taught:  
Yet we conform'd, although we knew it taught.  
What ever Land devind, and how we list,  
We did the same to hold our Livings fast.  
And we foresaw what further was his hope,  
To bring us all in service to the Pope.  
Which thing, if he had ever but brought to passe,  
To yeeld thereto our full intentment was.  
And thus we have your Honours made to see,  
Why in the Priest-hood we should suffered be.  
Namely for this, and nothing else at all,  
There's nought so bad, but yet it thereto we shall

— Quid rides? mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.

1871

Straff. **G**OD save your Grace: How do you doe?

Cant. My Lord, I thank you, well as you.

Straff. I have not seen your Grace of late

So full of mirth, may't auspicious

Some good event, and such as may

May by it find our liberty,

The Proverb him unwise doth hold,

Who loves his fastens, though of gold.

Cant. Last night (my Lord) some nobler dreame

Then did to sanguine choler, phlegme,

Or unto melancholy owe

Its birth, did on my fancy graue:

Me thoughts I was in Oxford, where

Lord Chancellours name and power I beare:

What shouts Saine Johns where to me gave,

My gladd'd eares yet ringing have:

I heard their praising joys and throng

Of praises both in prose and song.

And as me thoughts from thence I came

To Lambeth, I still hear'd the same

So loud, that Ecce sumus white hall

Return'd them to my Lambeth wall.

Straff. In such a dream, O who would keep

A noyse to breake your grace's sleep?

And though I dream'd you, yet may I be

To you a happy prophesie,

And such a One, as may prove true,

And faire unto my selfe as you.

For so by one compact was

Our Counsellours together bound,

To chafe, so even, they did goe:

To worke the Common weale in this

We cannot well our selves defend

What plot was yours, or which was mine,

They were each others In-mates, twins

Thenceforth which most should number sin;

Both slept, both wak'd at once, and whether

They lost or won, both play'd together.

Cant.



Cant. My Lord, you rage. Straff. You cannot kill  
Trench a disease, or rage at all.

Trench neither can, nor will I die for you.

Cant. Farewell my Lord, for I must leave you.

Straff. Yet stay a while, and give to me

Once more your benediction.

I must confesse I did begin

To chide, but now forget my spleen.

Cant. To death increase my joy, and sure

The joy may well your praise procure.

How think you? would this Kingdome flourish

To heare we two were falling out?

Come be your selfe, relate at length

What arm'd Recusants, what new strength

May come from Ireland to relieve

Our dying faction. Straff. Never grieve

My settled soule; I doe not know

That root on which our hope might grow

But in conclusion there must be

A Rope for you, an Axe for me.

Cant. Was this your so well grounded guess

Of our increasing happiness?

Ends that your bustling, that you could

Get money, men, or what you would,

To curb the insolence of those

That were, or would become our foes?

False Straffords Earle. Straff. Stop there, your Grace

His tongue doth trot too round a pace.

Look, look abroad, can you now see

No Patent, no Monopole;

All your projects, all your fine

Deviest, sick as Medinum Wine,

Can now no more Lauds, lawlesse might,

The Parson from the Pulpis fright,

The Subject from the Kingdome? What

Could ruine doe, which you did not:

Cant. There's something yet undone, 'tis true,

But shortly to be done to you.

Each Guard you have (for 'tis the will

Of Fate to have you guarded still)

shall serve the minister of your doome,  
Your Executioner, not your Groome;  
Your head that masterd Samson's art,  
Ere long shall from your shoulders part;  
Your blood your Scarlet must new dye;  
Your spurs fall off, your Ermines flye;  
And of so great, so fear'd a Name,  
Scarce left a man that loves your Fame;  
Straff. So, so, (my Lord) my heart is glad  
I owe that griefe your grace can make;  
Your head no doubt, is growinge the lighter,  
Since dis-invested of the Mitre;  
It was too proud a waighe, and burne  
To worse bad thoughts, is better gone;  
The Shepheards on their sheep-booke laugh,  
And doe upbraide your Crooked staffe;  
No more, your now deafe Chaplaine barke  
What boure shall speake you, or singe;  
Cant. Farewell, farewell, your time is gone;  
Speake though his more sanctified name;  
Tis you must lead the way, and I  
Shall follow after by and by;  
Straff. My lifes short dayes shal speede, I knowe  
Expecting Fates impaireless hand;  
Heav'n bath my thoughts, (my Lord) yet they  
Shall we nere meet againe? Cant. Woe  
There's room enough in Heaven for ev'ry  
Have more than griefe than I can showe;  
But I what time and place for heere  
To name; 'tis GOD knows where and where.

FINIS.